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Pac Theo Sem Reading Room

PACIFIC Theological Seminary

TWO MEN.

One passed his days amid earth's fairest flowers,
Nor saw the beauty of the paths he trod;
Great gifts he had, but failed to use his powers,
He dreamed of future fame and good achieved,
Yet near his door was hunger unrelieved,
And alleys dark where Hope had never beamed.
At last from out his dream he 'woke, and found
That all life's opportunities were past,
That years, unbleached, unlaureled, unrenowned,
Were all he at his Master's feet might cast.

Another looked around with youth's bright eyes,
And saw the need of every latent power;
He vowed to God's great purposes to rise,
And utilize the chances of each hour.
He left the land he loved for heathen shores,
Where, by his patient and unselfish zeal,
He opened wide the everlasting doors,
The King of Glory's beauty to reveal.
And when his life was done, casting his gaze
Across the fruitful years, he smiled and said:
"Perchance I pruned not all the given days,
But, God be thanked, some blossoms are not dead!"

—Laurence Giles Allen.

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

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LIVINGSTONE'S "WANDERINGS" AND RESULTS THEREFROM.

When Livingstone went to Africa to engage in missionary work he might have had a comparatively easy place if he had so desired. When he arrived at Cape Town in Southern Africa in 1841 the agent there for the London Missionary Society, anxious to return home, asked Livingstone to succeed him as minister to the congregation at Cape Town. The field was an attractive one, the compensation was good. But, consecrated as Livingstone was to the service of Christ, remembering the words of Robert Moffatt, when he had told of seeing sometimes "in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been," he pushed on toward the unoccupied districts many hundreds of miles to the north.

It took a long time for some of the critics away in the rear, in their comfortable homes in England, to learn that what they called "Livingstone's wanderings" was to do far more for Christian missions and civilization in Africa than the efforts of any one person had ever done in any part of the world. The visions and plans of this humble missionary show consecrated statesmanship of the highest order. He planned to lay foundations in Africa on which others after him, prominent among them, native workers, might build, and he never counted the cost to himself in so doing.

Livingstone never belittled the work done by those who settled down to convert and train a few; he recognized it as a noble work. But as he looked out on the great unexplored regions before him, and saw the trail of the serpent over all, he felt that God called him to attempt to open a path across the continent from east to west "so that lawful commerce and Christian civilization could enter." So believing, he worked heroically for more than thirty years, and all in all did more than any other man in giving Africa to Christianity and civilization.

During those years when it was necessary for the wife and mother to be in England and Scotland in order that the children might be educated Livingstone might have done good service in the homeland. But he had given himself to Africa. It was sixteen years from the time that he entered on his life work in Africa before he made a visit to England. Then the eminent men and women of Great Britain paid him homage. He was exalted everywhere as one who had done for the empire and for mankind an immeasurable service. He might have remained at home then and from the profit on his books and in other Christian service might have had there a life of usefulness and of usual comfort. But Africa needed him! He believed that he had been providentially led to the Dark Continent when the opium war in China had turned him away from the field which he had first chosen. Accordingly saying concerning himself and his devoted wife, after he had tarried in England for a brief time, "Whoever stays, we will go," he delayed only to finish his books, the profits of which he had arranged should go to mission work in Africa, and went back to plant by personal effort more widely and more firmly there the cross of the crucified Nazarene.

Fourteen years later when the whole civilized world was anxiously asking "Is he dead or alive?" Stanley, the noted explorer pressed in and on through incredible hardships, and found him weary and worn and wasted in one of the most inaccessible portions of that vast unknown country.

Comforting indeed must have been the companionship of that newspaper explorer in the wilds of Africa; exceedingly tempting the appeal to return to the comforts and honors awaiting him among the people of the home land whom he had so greatly honored by his labors and discoveries. But Livingstone did not think that he had done enough yet for Africa. Stanley and his helpers are allowed to start on their return journey unaccompanied. Standing there in those far African solitudes Livingstone takes his last look at the face of a white man—a man going out from him into the cheer of a Christian civilization, and turns again resolutely to the work to which he had consecrated himself.

That parting scene there in the wilds of Africa ought to be painted by some great painter and the picture placed alongside the pictures of the world's great historic events. Nothing nobler has ever found place on an artist's canvas.

Three years after that parting with Stanley God gave it to Livingstone to finish his work for Africa.

One morning in May 1873 his native helpers found him dead on his knees before his cot from which he had arisen during the night to pray.

It was fitting that the great missionary's heart should be laid in the soil of the land to which he had consecrated his life and that his sun-dried body should be carried by his native helpers back to civilization and should find its last resting-place in Westminster Abbey along with other of the nation's renowned!

It was the custom of an ancient people to throw far in advance of them, in the heat of the battle, the heart of their slain chieftains, and then to heroically press forward to win from their enemies the place where it had fallen.

David Livingstone threw his heart far into Africa. That consecration was not in vain. Laying down his life for the great Dark Continent, he became an inspiration to others to press in and on to build where he had opened up the way, and never has the cross nor civilization turned back in Africa.

We commend to all our readers the article on "The Reawakening of Mysticism."

The eternal Christ speaks in the eternal within ourselves.

IRELAND'S PATRON SAINT.

Next Monday our Irish Roman Catholics will celebrate St. Patrick's Day. We as well as they may well allow our minds to go back to the age in which this hero of the faith lived, and contemplate his achievements. The work and influence of St. Patrick have gone out into the life of all the centuries since the time when he laid or helped to lay the foundations of the Church of Christ in Ireland.

There is no evidence that St. Patrick worked in Ireland under the direction of the Pope, or that his work was in any way directed by the Roman Catholic Church of that period. But if he did so work it does not matter. For many centuries the greater part of the Christian work of the world was by the Church of Rome, and their heritage of good is our heritage also.

He who has long been enshrined as the Patron Saint of Ireland was not born in that country, but in Scotland along by the Clyde, in a town under Roman rule; and he may accordingly be classed as a Romano-Scotchman.

Although born in a Christian home, his father being a deacon in the village church, Patrick loved the ways of the world, and he was not converted until stolen by pirates and carried far from home and sold as a slave he had been made to undergo some of the hard trials and bitter experiences of life in those early centuries. Twice was he a captive, and twice did he escape. When finally he had been led to listen to the Divine call and had had implanted in his heart a desire to give the good news to others, he chose as his place of work the region of his former captivity in Ireland, and there he so lived and labored as to gain for himself the honors of a patron saint.

The work done by Patrick in Ireland was a noble work, and it is not surprising that he has impressed himself as he has on the memory of the race whom he served. He was not a learned man; but he was a consecrated one, and the cloisters established by him soon became centers of Christian learning and devotion whose influence was felt through the middle ages, and in distant parts of the world. Ireland became through him "a Christian Greece, the nursery of science and civilization." The venerable Bede writes of nobles and students quitting the island of Britain at this period and seeking education in Ireland where the hospitable Celts trained by this great apostle furnished them books and food and shelter at the cost of the nation.

Many legends cluster around the work and memory of this Apostle of Ireland. It is said that the devils, knowing he would be a formidable adversary, attempted to keep him from landing when he went there as a missionary of the cross; but that like his Master, Patrick was armed for the battle. The story runs that he made the sign of the cross, and that at this sign the devils fled.

The sign of the cross! It was by this sign that Constantine was to conquer. It is by this sign that men and women have been conquering during all the years since the Man of Nazareth was lifted up from the earth on Calvary. The legend is based on fact. We doubt not that the demons of old Ireland fled before this consecrated man of God.

In Christian Art, St. Patrick is pictured with a serpent coiled around a pastoral staff. This commemorates his great service to Ireland. This allegorical way of expressing his triumph over paganism was subsequently interpreted more literally, and he was said to have driven serpents and other venomous reptiles out of Ireland.

One legend—somewhat like an Arabian Nights story—tells of fine strategem on the part of St. Patrick when one old reptile refused to obey his commands to betake itself into the sea. Making a box, he tried to persuade the serpent that it was a good place in which to sleep. The serpent declared the box was too small. When Patrick asserted that it was quite large enough, the serpent in order to prove its side crawled in. Patrick closed the lid hurriedly and threw the box into the sea.

It is not surprising that such legends sprang up when we consider the opposition of the pagan chiefs and the Druids. Patrick overcame them. To do so required great strategem.

Doubtless much is ascribed to St. Patrick in Ireland that he never did. But he laid the foundations for it all, and is well worthy a prominent place among the leaders of the Church Universal.

Before he died on the 17th of March, 493, Patrick had founded 365 churches; had ordained 450 bishops and a vast number of priests; and had so evangelized all the petty tribes as to make it possible for Ireland to be called soon "the Island of the Saints."

St. Patrick belongs to the whole Christian world. Roman Catholicism may go on claiming him if it will; but the claim must be made in the face of the fact that in all his writings there is no mention of the Pope; nothing as to auricular confession, or trans-substantiation, or worship of the Virgin, or of purgatory; while salvation by faith and other related doctrines are plainly taught. His celebrated hymn is a poetical confession of faith. Going forth as it were to his life work he says:

> "I bind myself today
> To the power of God to guide me,
> The might of God to uphold me,
> The wisdom of God to teach me,
> The eye of God to watch over me,
> The ear of God to hear me,
> The Word of God to speak for me,
> The hand of God to protect me."

And this, then, was his belief:

> "Christ with me, Christ before me,
> Christ behind me, Christ within me."

And this his purpose:

"Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks to me,
Christ in the eye of every man who sees me,
Christ in the ear of every man who hears me."

Hail, Patron Saint of Old Ireland! Across the centuries we greet you! God gave you a theology simple and evangelical. You gave to the world writings full of Christ and the Scripture. True to your mission, we claim and crown you as an apostle not of one branch of Christ's Church but of the Church Universal. Inestimable were your services to your chosen people; far-reaching your influence for good. We garland your memory. God already hath crowned you with a crown enduring, eternal!

The article concerning the late Rev. David Foster Watkins will be found well worth reading. Mr. Watkins had remarkable experience and a wonderfully useful service in Mexico. All who fail to read what Mr. Doane, one of our San Diego pastors, has written concerning him will miss one of the most fascinating chapters out of the Modern Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Watkins had his theological training in our Pacific Theological Seminary.

CONCERNING THE CALL TO DR. BROOKS.

It was announced in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday that the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks had by letter late last week expressed intention of accepting the call as pastor among university students and the chair of homiletics in Pacific Theological Seminary. Monday of this week a letter was received in Berkeley, from Dr. Brooks, asking that announcement of acceptance be withheld for a time, inasmuch as the First Congregational Church of Walla Walla had refused to accept his resignation. Inasmuch as word came from Dr. Brooks that he would accept, after President Nash had telegraphed to the people of Walla Walla a few days before that the decision still rested with the former, his coming to Berkeley may now be looked for with confidence. Dr. Brooks knew the great desire of the people of Walla Walla and of all Washington to keep him there, and the mere fact of the refusal of the church to accept his resignation cannot reasonably count for much now. Dr. Brooks desires to come to Berkeley. Berkeley and all California want him to come.

Immediately on receipt of his letter last Friday, stating that he would come, notwithstanding the effort to keep him in Walla Walla, Pacific Seminary took such action with reference to its work as will doubtless make it unwilling now to have any reconsideration. The decision to come does not, in our judgment, rest any longer with Dr. Brooks. Certainly not in any such way as it did when President Nash telegraphed his gracious message to the church at Walla Walla.

We sympathize with the church and college at Walla Walla. We were of the opinion that Dr. Brooks would not, after so great effort had been made to keep him at Walla Walla, hand in his resignation. He had there a fine field for service. But this other appealed more strongly to him; he resigned and accepted. And we see no other reasonable way than for the church at Walla Walla to graciously submit and to allow him to depart in love and peace to the work which awaits him here.

To insist now on his remaining, and to thus accomplish his remaining will stamp him widely as vacillating.

The Pacific knows whereof it speaks with respect to this. Two weeks ago we couldn't have given any advice as to this matter—whether to remain or to come. Today we can.

THE REAWAKENING OF MYSTICISM.

Rev. G. H. Morrison.

(In an article in The Pacific last week Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary stated that there were "good reasons for believing that we are on the eve of a great religious movement which may best be termed a New Mysticism." A few days ago we came across, in The British Weekly, the most illuminative article on Mysticism which we have ever read. It was first given at a Sunday evening service in Wellington Church Glasgow, Scotland, where Mr. Morrison, is pastor. We are confident that many of the readers of The Pacific will read it with great pleasure, and it is accordingly reproduced here.—Editor)

At a period not far distant from the present, and well within the memory of some of us, it was the fashion to decry all truth that was not reached by the action of the intellect. The only interpretation reckoned valid was the intelectual interpretation; the only methods which were regarded seriously were the logical and scientific methods; the only truths deemed worthy of acceptance were such as were capable of comprehension, and could be verified by scientific processes.

For this insistence on the comprehensible there were reasons which are readily apparent. There was that wonderful awakening of the intellect that marked the nineteenth century in England. There were those marvellous discoveries of science which gave to science a certain lordly arrongance, as if there were no truths she could not come by and no secrets which she could not penetrate. All that was only a little while ago, and yet one is conscious of a subtle change to-day. The sense of the mystery which broods on things is far more vivid than thirty years ago. Men are awakening as to haunting presences which are ever near us, yet eluding us; they feel that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. There is a growing belief that in the universe are secrets which are not intellectual at all. There is a strengthening trust in the verdict of the feelings, and in the illumination of the will. There is a deepening sense that all that is most real can never be demonstrated by any logic, but must be felt, where argument is hushed, in the silence and shadow of the soul. Now this new attitude of men and women is what may be called the attitude of mysticism. He who feels so, although he may not know it, has been touched by the flaming of the mystic torch. And it is on that mysticism, and the gains of it, in the peculiar circumstances of the hour, that I wish to speak a word or two to-night.

Mysticism Defined.

Taken in its most general sense, mysticism may be defined in some such way as this: It is the attitude of mind that feels intensely the wonder and the mystery of things. There is a little poem by Tennyson which I may read to you, as beautifully illustrative of this attitude—

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

Well now, in regard to nature, that is the typically mystic attitude. The mystic's finger is on the skirts of God, when he touches the flower in the crannied wall. The botanist classifies it in the realm of nature; the artist revels in its perfect colouring; the mystic finds in it, beneath its beauty, the shadow of the unseen and the eternal. For him there is a spirit eager to express itself in every bird that flies, and every flower that opens. For him there is more in the cataract than water, and more in the sunshine than a kindly heat. For him all nature is a sacrament, the outward sign and seal of the invisible, the charactered garment of the eternal God, woven exquisitely upon the loom of time. The mystic has no quarrel with the man of science—he may himself be a scientific man, "but he holds that reality has many aspects, of which the scientific aspect is but one; and he claims for all these other aspects, which appeal to feeling rather than intelligence, a place in the interpretation of the whole. The mystic knows that all the sounds of music are but so many vibrations of the ether. He knows that the whole range of melody can be thus scientifically accounted for. But when he listens to the boyish chorister whose voice goes ringing through the vast cathedral—when he hears the pealing of the solemn organ, and the psalm that rises from a thousand hearts—when he hears the music of the forest or of the laverock lilting wildly

down the glen'—he knows there is more in music than vibrations. He does not doubt the scientific fact, but that fact is not the truth for him. For him the truth is all that flow of feeling that is liberated by the touch of melody. It is the wistful longing—the dim and vague regret, the visions of peace and purity and God, that rise upon him, out of the obscure night, when the sound of music steals upon the ear. For the true mystic these are the realities, and that he touches and sees is but a shadow. The everlasting hills are not so real to him as the mysterious peace of God which they convey. Someone is calling where the winds are sighing; someone is moving where the leaves are rustling; someone is yearning towards the human heart, where the waves are breaking on the shore.

The Vision Of God.

But mysticism is something more than that, if we take it in its religious sense. It is the doctrine that God is to be sought and found in the secret places of the soul. Not in the outward world, however beautiful, is the true vision of God to be attained. Sunrise and sunset and the evening star—these are but the outskirts of His ways. It is in the soul within us—in the hidden sanctuary—in the silence and secret of the human heart, that the union which is true blessedness is won, and the vision is granted which is peace. For this end, says the mystic, must a man learn to withdraw into himself. He must learn to practise, whatever pain it cost him, the spirtual method of detachment. He must shut the gates on every chariot wheel, and close the lattice against the show of things, and so, in silence and alone and self-absorbed, shall he awaken to the fact of God. As on a summer day on the hillside we watch the ships that are sailing on the sea, and mark the cottage smoke that clambers heavenward, and follow the waggons on the distant road, and so gradually we fall a dreaming, and the active power of vision is relaxed, and then, and not till then, there steals upon us the murmuring as of a million wings; so as we lose our hold on what is outward, seeing everything as it were yet seeing nothing, does there steal on the soul the mystic sense of God. At first it may only be an intuition—a feeling inexplicable that He is here. For most of us—poor worldings that we are—it may never be anything more wonderful than that. But for the heaven-born mystic that inward sense of God attains to such a glory of assurance, that like the apostle he is caught up into heaven, and hears what human lips can never utter.

Pagan and Christian Mysticism.

Now it is just here that the difference comes in between all pagan and true Christian mysticism. And this a matter of such profound importance that I would give much to make it clear to you. The great accusation levelled at the mystic is that he has no room for Jesus Christ. Alone with the infinite in secret rapture, the figure of the historic Jesus vanishes. But it has always seemed to me that this objection might equally be urged against the grace of prayer, for I question if anybody, when he prays to God, is actually conscious of the historic Christ. We do not go back in thought when we are praying to Him who walked among the fields of Galilee. We lift up our hearts, without a thought of Galilee, to the infinite and eternal God. Yet in so doing we glorify Christ Jesus, for all that we seek and all that we find in God is what we have been taught to seek and find in the life and in the words of Christ. Now as it is with the exercise of prayer, so is it with the attitude of mysticism. A pagan mystic withdraws into the silence, alone, unbefriended, unaccompanied. But a Christian mystic withdraws into the silence with all that he has learned in Jesus Christ, of a God who has a Father's heart, and who knows the yearning of a Father's love. Like the poor prodigal, the Christian mystic says, I will arise and go unto my Father. And so he arises from the world of sense, and goes to the quiet homeland of his soul. And there he is met in silence and in secret not by a cold and unintelligible spirit, but by a Father who hath never ceased to love, and loving hath never ceased to hope. There may be no consciousness, of Jesus there, yet all the time Jesus is glorified. It is His God the Christian mystic meets, and not any spirit of universal nature. And what I impress on you, dear friends, ,is this, that it is just at that point that the Christian mystic digers with a difference unspeakable from every pantheist and Neo-Platonist. That is the mysticism of St. Paul, and that is the mysticism of St. John. The pagan mystics, whom they knew so well, entered the secret place with empty hands. But they, out of the garden of the Church, went in, and locked the door, and were alone; but they carried on their breast the Rose of Sharon, and in their hand the Lily of the Valleys.

One great service which mysticism renders is to keep religion from rigidity. When the Church is in danger of becoming hard, mysticism exerts a softening power. There are times when the Church is very dry and doctrinal, with clear-cut answers to every human problem, and men may seek refuge for the life of feeling then in the beauty of ritual or the joy of praise. But the true salvation from a cold dogmatic is the breath of a mystical spirit in the Church, and the opening of eyes of awe upon the infinite, and the wondering spirit of a little child. When I was sent, a young minister, to Thurso, I found myself in a very strange environment. I found myself among a people to whom the doctrines of the faith were everything. And gradually, true Scotsman that I was, I found myself revelling in these dogmatic things, and able to split a hair with any of them on election and foreknowledge and free-will. But I had one friend there who was a perfect mystic, as surely as he was a perfect gentleman. He is still there, rich in the inward light, though he has fallen on loneliness and blindness. And I bear my witnes how that mystic saved me when my religion was becoming intellectual, and showed me how, with all our definitions, we must yet be still and know that He is God. In some such way, I think, in every age, has mysticism been a blessing to the Church. It has softened outlines. It has moved the heart. It has kept the truth from being stern and rigid. It has gone out from council and assembly, where creeds were fashioned and heresies condemned; and it has remembered that even at the Cross there was darkness from the sixth hour to the ninth.

A Refuge from Unsettlement.

In mysticism again, there is a refuge from our modern critical unsettlement. In a day of unsettlement and bewilderment like this, it is a refuge from the storm, and a shadow from the heart. There was a time not so long ago when the record of Holy Scripture was unquestioned. Every page was verbally inspired, and every statement had a divine authority. But now that old security is gone, and a thousand questions, are asked about the Bible, and much that seemed fixed as the eternal hills is felt to be contingent and provisional. It was easy once to have a living faith, based on the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture. It is easy still for all who play the traitor to the light which knowledge is

pouring on the Word. But it is not easy for the honest man, who welcomes light whatever it discloses, and yet who feels that life is simply meaningless without the fellowship of Jesus Christ. How to be certain when all things seem uncertain—how to be fixed when everything seems shifting—that is the difficulty which thousands feel who are touched with the crictical spirit of to-day. And it is just there, as it seems to me, that Christian mysticism has its place and value, making it possible, amid all unsettlement, to have a life of joy and power and peace. For mysticism does not go to Holy Scripture with any theory of inspiration. It does not go to find any doctrines there or to prove or disprove anything at all. But it goes to the Bible with a childlike heart, bent upon finding Someone who is calling, and, having found Him, it opens wide the heart to Him, and says, "Come in, Thou blessed of the Lord." As when a storm is raging on the sea, and in that storm is someone whom we love, and we can hardly see him for the driving mist, and yet we know he is yonder on the waters, and so are we fearful and smitten to the heart till he make the shore and we clasp him in our arms, and then we are no longer fearful, but can look on the crested waters and be still; so when once out of the stormy sea, we have drawn Christ into the secret place, then for us there is no terror in the tempest. And remember that that is always possible, no matter what our view of Scripture be. There is Christ, arising from its pages, mysterious, ineffable, sublime. Take Him in, my brother, to thine heart. Do not ask if the Bible be the Word of God. The Bible is the Word of God to you if it brings you face to face with Jesus Christ.

The Need for Mysticism.

Lastly, and in a word or two, there is this further need to-day for Christian mysticism. It is God's corrective for that intense activity which is so characteristic of the modern Church. Whatever men may say about the Church, she is tremendously active and energetic now. At home, abroad—in the slums of every city, she is toiling with an inspired assiduity. And ministers have such multifarious enments that hardly can they snatch a quiet hour, and men gagements that hardly can they snatch a quiet hour, and men and women have so many meetings that they have scarcely time to meet with God. Of all the blessings of this immense activity there is no one more thankfully cognisant than I am. It has called into action innumerable gifts, and made many a wilderness blossom as the rose. And yet in the glow and fervour of that service there is one peril that is always imminent, and that is the peril lest the Church forget that she must be still and know that He is God. It is so much easier to bustle than to brood; so much easier to strive than to be still; so much easier to take the outward road than deliberately to take the inward road. And it is thus that a true Christian mysticism is needed to balance our clamorous activities, for in quietness and confidence shall be our strength. I look with all the desire of my heart for the spiritual revival that is coming. I am confident that I shall live to see the day when like doves to their windows men shall flock to Christ. But of this I am sure, that that day will not dawn till we have less faith in outward organisings, and a far deeper and more powerful faith in the brooding of the Holy Ghost. Whenever the Church relies on her committees—whenever she begins to be proud of her machinery—whenever she forgets, in social zeal, to wonder and to be still and to adore, then mysticism comes, and like a breath from heaven falls on the cheek of all her fevered striving, and bids her seek the beatitude of rest. Be still and know that I am God, she says. He leadeth the sheep by waters that are still. Not in the whirlwind is God manifested; He speaks to the weaned heart in the still voice. And when He speaks, and when at last we hear Him, the thirsty land shall become springs of water, and the ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

TRUE MYSTICISM.

The fraternal and appreciative tone of Prof. Buckham's response to my frank utterance under the harsh title of "Shame on Us," warmed my heart anew towards him and gave me quickened hope that for others as well as for him, I had written not in vain.

Into the "great religious movements" of which he speaks towards a true and worthy mysticism, free from pride and boasting and supercilious judgment of others, I desire with all my heart to enter. Let there come that "sense of the immediate presence of God, the reality of the spiritual world, the peace and joy of a life of trust and service" which Prof. Buckham so aptly gives as a definition of the "new mysticism." Let it come into the personal experience of Christian people individually; let it thus come to sweeten and enrich the very atmosphere of our churches; let it even become the conscious and intense aspiration of pastors and people, and a record so shameful as that made by our churches in the year 1912 would never again rise to rebuke our fruitlessness.

Prof. Buckham speaks of "the recovery of the mystical side of Paul" as one token of the coming of this world-movement. By which, if I understand him correctly, he means that Paul's writings are studied now not in search of support for certain dogmas, but rather in order to come into closer touch with a heart like his, filled with the spirit of Christ. But why not add "a recovery of the mystical side of "Jesus? For in this new and true mysticism He is our guide, our inspirer, our very life. What is the heart of the gospel as Jesus brought it to us? Is it not His own divine indwelling? Himself the way, the truth, the life?

For many years it has been preciously apparent to me that the supreme fact in the gospel story is not that Christ died for our sins, but is that He rose again for our justification; that is, for our being made righteous. "It is Christ that died," exclaimed Paul in that glorious 8th of Romans, "yea rather that is risen again,"—risen that through His life in ours we may have life more abundantly.

Jesus teaches us that it is only as we are born anew that we can "enter into" or even "see, the Kingdom of God." But what is birth? It is the beginning of life. Then the new birth is the beginning of new life. What now is the new life into which we are thus born? Jesus tells us that it is He Himself. He is not merely the source of it, He is the life itself. Abiding in Him and He in us we live. Severed from Him, we wither and die. Nothing can represent it more perfectly than His own figure of the vine. And Paul's comment on it, written out of his personal experience, is this, "I have been crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live no longer I but **Christ liveth in me.**"

This is fundamental. There never will be, there never can be this new and pure mysticism except through that experience: "I" the old self, crucified with Christ, and a new self born in us, even Christ.

And this is individual. It cannot be otherwise. We are born one by one. We are new-born one by one. And nothing on earth can be vainer than the expectation that by some community uplift, some general but impersonal tendency, the race will rise to this higher, purer life. It never has been so, it never can be.

Now then, what have we to do about it? What, we pastors? What all we who have received this new life in Christ? Just what our Master bade us do: "Go, make disciples," which means, lead people to repentance, persuade them to believe, with a living faith, in a personal Saviour. If we have allowed any other aim or effort to supercede this, we have proved false to our commission, and cannot wonder that our work is fruitless. Prof. Buckham thinks that the old methods of evangelism, so successful in the days of Wesley and Whitefield and Edwards and Nettleton and Finney, are out-grown, or at any rate out-of-joint with present conditions and tendencies. At some points and to some extent this is certainly true. But because of this shall we settle down inactive, waiting till this new movement with some new machinery is inaugurated? Not so, not so. Rather than this, instead of this, let us believe in that "promise of the Father" of which Jesus reminded His apostles just before He ascended on high, and watch and pray for that baptism with the Holy Spirit which makes us effective witnesses for Christ and wise winners of souls. Thus shall we do our part to help on the consummation in the world at large for which Christ came and died and rose again. W. C. P.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

California a Slave State.

Are there any readers of The Pacific who know that once in her early life, California was a slave state, and later, was on the point of joining the eleven Conferedate states in the Civil War? These are both true. In 1852-3 there were thousands of slaves in California, brought here with the intention to make a slave state of Southern California.

In March, 1852, a Rev. W. Davies, a Methodist clergyman sent here as a missionary, said to me in Panama, "On our steamer are more than two hundred slaves, bound to California, with their masters, with the promise of being made free after working two years in the mines." Of course, had the plan to make this a slave state succeeded, this promise would have been broken Near this date there were about a hundred slaves in camp near the city, awaiting the steamer. There was a constant procession of these slaves at that time. All these slaves were freemen, had they only known the fact, for on Jan. 1st, 1852, New Granada set free all her slaves and made slavery non-existent in her borders. But once in California they were still slaves, as our Supreme Court, under Chief Justice Taney, had decided in the Dred Scott case.

The slave owners in our southern states planned to preserve the equilibrium between the free and slave states by making two states of California, one free and the other slave. There are men living today who remember the persistent effort made at that time to divide this state, though the chief motive, viz., to make South California a slave state, was not openly declared. In God's providence, the plan failed. California remained undivided, and most of the slaves brought here became free, the others being carried back to their old homes in the South.

The other statement is also a truth. California had a very narrow escape from being forced into the Confederacy. The only military force in the state was the band of U. S. soldiers at the Presidio, under command of Gen. A. S. Johnston, who became a very prominent commander under Pres. Davis and Gen. Lee. It was well known that Johnston's sympathies were with the rebels and there was a general expectation that when the right time should come he would declare his position and with the force at his command, drag the State into the Confederacy. Lovers of the union lived in constant fear of this action, our General Government shared this expectation, but seemed unable to prevent the catastrophe. There were no war vessels to enforce loyalty, the only communication was by the semi-monthly steamers, and loyal soldiers could not be spared from the East.

At this juncture, there appeared in San Francisco one morning a stranger wearing a colonel's uniform. No one knew him or his errand, or how he got here, for he came unannounced, but he went, in early day, to the Presidio, and asked an interview with General Johnston. Being admitted, he drew from his pocket an official paper and without explanation, handed it to the General. It proved to be a despatch from Washington relieving him from his command, with orders to turn it over at once to the bearer, Col. Sumner. It was a great shock to him, but he was helpless. He was no longer in office and the real commander of the post stood before him. As soon as he got his breath, he said, "Col. Sumner, give me two hours." But the answer was prompt, "Not a moment, General. I take command at once," and California was saved to freedom. The news quickly spread through the city, and was greeted with curses from the rebels, and jubilation from all loyal citizens.

But in that day no one dreamed of what tremendous import to the whole country was that morning transaction. To many it seemed of little consequence whether that far off California went with the North or the South. But had California's gold been turned into the treasury of the Confederacy, it would have been more help to them than a dozen pirate Alabamas, while, coming to New York and Washington when government paper was down to sixty-three per cent, it maintained the country's credit and saved the Union. California took an insignificant part in the fighting, but a supremely important part in the war of the rebellion. The discovery of gold at Sutter's fort was the salvation of our great republic.

A CHRISTIAN AMUSEMENT CREED.

"God likes to hear a laugh as well as a wail", asserted Rev. Herbert A. Jump in his sermon on "Amusements" in the First Congregational Church of Oakland, last Sunday evening. "Sometimes a joke is more conducive to spirituality than a verse of Scripture. Are there not reasons for believing hilarity to be one of the characteristics of Deity?"

"We are not blameworthy therefore when we seek amusement. And we do seek it. The sporting page of yesterday's newspaper which I bought contained mention of fourteen different kinds of sport in fourteen columns. I called up the editor on the phone and asked him how many persons he estimated would read that page, and his answer was, a quarter of a million. You mothers of boys need to read that page. And the editor went on to say that he regarded the sporting page as the most widely read portion of the paper except for the front news page. This interest in sport is a symptom. The modern American is a tired-out being a good deal of the time, and play is necessary for the refreshment of his nature.

"Men and women should enjoy their play together more than they do. Family unity does not exist until the family seeks its fun as a unit. There would not be so many divorces if husbands and wives spent their leisure hours in one another's company. And parents must learn how to play with their growing boys and girls. A boy's best chum should be his dad. A girl's closest friend should be her mother.

"The theatre is not all of it bad, but alas, most of it is so. It often builds its success upon the prostitution of the home and the commercializing of womanhood.Many a play is an exciting portrayal of salacious falsehood; most comic operas shade off into indecency; rarely is a vaudeville program free from vulgarity or immodesty. The motion picture on the whole is the most wholesome and safest form of theatrical attraction, and considerable is left to be desired in it. The good citizens of a community should boycott every attraction that is notorious and support every attraction that is clean, thus voting for a purer stage at the box-office window, which is the best place to cast a vote on this question.

Here are ten articles in an "Amusement Creed for a Christian Man:"

1. I will never patronize an entertainment that brutalizes man or shames a woman.

2. I will always do some part of my playing in the open air

3. I will not be merely a lazy spectator of sport; I will taste for myself its zest and thrill

4. I will avoid over-amusement as I pray that I may be saved from over-work

5. I will choose the amusements which my wife can share

6. I will not spend Sunday in caring for my bodily pleasure so much that I forget my soul and its relation to God's Kingdom

7. I will never spend on pleasure money that belongs to other aspects of my life

8. I will remember to enjoy a boy's sports again when my boy needs me as a chum

9. I will recollect that play should be for the sake of my mind as well as for my body; hence I shall not shun those forms of entertainment that deal with ideas.

10. I will never let play serve as the end of existence, but always it shall be used to make me a better workman and a richer soul.

The law that man breaks is within himself, and in breaking it he becomes his own worst enemy.

THE REVEREND DAVID FOSTER WATKINS.

An Account of the Work of a True Apostle of the Kingdom.

Rev. John Doane, San Diego, Cal.

It is an unspeakable privilege to be allowed to tell something of the story of the life of this man "full of faith and of the Holy Spirit" of the years which this Greatheart spent among men, the messenger always of his Heavenly Father's love. No more thrilling tale could be written than that of his life's experiences, devoted, sacrificial, full of dangers and tremendously effective. For no apostle is there a brighter crown than for this apostle to the Mexicans, who could say with Paul, "I have been in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in labor and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, there is that which presseth upon me daily, anxiety for all the churches."

David Foster Watkins was born in Bridgend, Wales, on December 26, 1842. His father was a house builder and a stalwart Christian and Bible teacher. His mother was the daughter of the Methodist clergyman and poet, the Rev. Morgan Rosser, a sweet singer and a woman of rare Christian grace, to whose influence and training her son owed much of his success in life. It was her desire that he should become a minister, and under the inspiration of her wish and his own personal contribution of hard earned pennies to missionary enterprises he early prayed that he might become a missionary entrusted with a hard field of service.

At eighteen years of age he came to this country, making his home in Pennsylvania. Friends soon discovered his earnestness of spirit and marked ability as student and public speaker as well as his capacity for friendship. They tried to persuade him to enter the ministry and engage in a comfortable career among the people who knew and admired him. Such a life had no attractions for him. He must have the hard fields, the places that would tax his full manhood and satisfy his life-long desire for arduous, missionary service. The Christian soldier at the front offered to him the ideal opoprtunity.

The lure of the west soon took hold upon him, and he took ship for California. The trip around Cape Horn was a long one, and interesting to a man of his spirit. At the port of Acapulco he and a young man companion noticed the fragrance of the wild flowers brought by the breezes from the shore and spoke of the possibilities of increasing the fragrance and beauty by cultivation. At the same time they saw upon the shore the scantily clad Indians of the region and the thought came to them that if cultivation might improve the flowers, how much more might the savages be lifted to a higher and better life. Thus was born the purpose to return at some future day to establish schools and other Christian institutions for the uplift of the aborigines.

Mr. Watkins soon entered upon his theological studies at our Pacific Seminary, paying his own way and aiding another student by work as City Missionary in San Francisco and by preaching at the mines near Clayton. These were years of strenuous and devoted service inspired by the noble resolve to give his life to missionary work in Mexico. On September 19, 1872, he and his close friend, Mr. John Stephens, two of the three who composed the first graduating class of Pacific Seminary, were ordained to the Christian ministry, and at the same service he was married to Miss Edna M. Parker, who, through all these years, has been his worthy helpmate, seconding his every endeavor and sharing with him the toils and dangers of his most difficult and effective work. It is impossible to think of husband and wife more united in every ideal of devoted ministry than these two have been.

In October following their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, accompanied by Mr. Stephens, set sail from San Francisco for Mexico, an almost unknown country to them. On the twenty-third of October they disembarked at San Blas.

Each one upon setting foot upon the shore repeated a verse of scripture. Mr. Stephens recalled the great missionary commission, beginning, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." Mrs. Watkins spoke her confidence in the guidance and care of the Heavenly Father in those best loved words of the Psalmist, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," while her husband, inspired by a great prophetic hope, said, "The Lord reigneth! Let the earth rejoice!" What a beautiful display of the temper of these three heroic souls, entering an unknown country under commission from their supreme Master.

Warned to return to their vessel they nevertheless pressed on by stage and horseback toward their destination, Guadlajara, 300 miles inland, only to find Tepic, through which they must pass, in commotion and revolution, and themselves at the mercy of the cruel Indian chief, Lozada. After eleven days detention, they obtained, through the intercession of the German Consul, permission to proceed upon their way. This was but a foretaste of the difficulties which they were destined to encounter all through the many years of their missionary service in Mexico. After four days further of travel over the roughest of roads, they arrived at their journey's end, the first Protestants to enter that most fanatical city of 100,000 people steeped in vice and crime. How hopeless the outlook seemed! Their only resource was he to whose summons they had responded and their watchword was, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

For five months they gave themselves to the study of the Spanish language and were known only as foreigners. They then had printed and distributed throughout the city a tract upon the reading and study of the Bible. As there were few copies of the Bible in that great city, and those in the Roman Catholic version and at prices which prohibited most of the priests even from owning them, this tract created a creat commotion. Immediately after this they placarded the city with the Roman Catholic and Protestant versions of the Ten Commandments printed in parallel columns the Roman Catholic version omitting the second commandment, that upon the making of images, and dividing the tenth into two so that there would be the full number. And now the battle was on. The priests denounced the Protestants as having horns and tails and cloven feet, and people flocked to see them out of curiosity, while others, dissatisfied with the Church which would alter the commandments, and others still to argue and justify the Roman Catholic Church, came to their house. Thirty students from the Roman Catholic Seminary came in a body to hear them speak, some of whom went into other professions as a result or became, later, Protestant workers and preachers. A little church of fifteen members was organized thirteen months after the arrival in Guadlajara of Mr. and Mrs. Watkins and Mr. Stephens.

This work was entered upon under the auspices of our American Board. After about ten years of successful labor, Mr. Watkins found himself so hampered through the misrepresentations of other workers and misunderstandings at the home office that he severed his conection with the Board and continued his growing work under the confidence and support of the Congregational Churches of Northern California for three years. As this little body of churches was unable to furnish all the funds needed for the rapidly extending field, Mr. Watkins accepted the offer of the Methodist Church, South, to take over and properly finance the work without in any way changing its nature. In this relationship he worked happily for ten years or more until it seemed best for all concerned that his work should be continued independently of all outside organizations, and the First Independent Church of Mexico was formed, and before this late revolution had increased to over fifty in number, some of them being in our own state of Texas. What the effect of this revolution and unrest may be upon them it is impossible to say. This we do know, that hundreds of lives have been transformed, characters beautified, family ties sanctified, and that many, many people have been lifted out of the degradation of a mediaevalism which is a disgrace to modern Christianity.

It is, of course, impossible in this short memorial address to enter upon the historical details of this very remarkable and splendid life. We can only touch upon some of the more marked and trying experiences which will indicate the character and efficiency of the work. It is a noticeable fact that men were more responsive than women to this preaching of a pure gospel, for the women of Mexico are much more fanatical, and to a much greater degree under the power of the priests, whom they call the "Christs of the earth," than are the men. The first church organized in Guadalajara, therefore, had twelve men enrolled among its fifteen charter members. It was also a personal characteristic of Mr. Watkins that he attracted men to himself and his preaching, which was virile, picturesque and in every way attractive. Many vigorous opponents became his strong allies and often his active helpers; priests, government officials, merchants, as well as the common people, hearing him gladly. In ten years the membership of the Guadalajara church had increased to 600, and was exerting a mighty influence in that great city.

The first great sorrow that came to Mr. and Mrs. Watkins in their work was the loss of their friend and coworker, Mr. Stephens. When they had been in Guadalajara a little over a year, Mr. Stephens became the pastor of the little company of Protestants at Ahualulco, about sixty miles distant. His success was marvelous, for he at once gathered a congregation, formed a day school for children and a night school for adults, a singing school where he taught the hymns and songs of the church, and also visited and healed the sick, having some knowledge of medicine. He was rapidly winning his way into the hearts of multitudes. Three months after the beginning of his work the cura of Ahualuulco preached to the Indians from a town near by from the text "The tree that bears bad fruit should be cut down even to the ground," making it very plain that the tree to which he referred was the Protestant minister. That day plans were laid and the next morning at one o'clock Mr. Stephens was brutally murdered by an infuriated, drunken mob. "He is now wearing, with Stephen of old, the martyr's crown in glory," having given his blood as the seed of the churches yet to be. Not satisfied with this murder, a native Protestant living in Mr. Stephen's house was also killed, the books and Bibles were gathered and burned in the public plaza, and the bells of the church were rung in merry peals of triumph. A partly burned leaf of a Bible was later found containing these significant words, "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." The cura and many of the mob were arrested and declared innocent and the cura was given a high place in the cathedral at Guadalajara.

The arrest of the cura aroused the vigorous hatred of his sympathizers against Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, "During the year," Mrs. Watkins wrote, "I was only in the street three times; and I may say that during our first four years of life there we never knew an hour of safety, so that at the end of that time I was laid at death's door and was obliged to come home for medical treatment. . . .

Time and again we barely escaped with our lives, from a mob stoning us in the street, from the pistol shot in at our window, from the armed men who repeatedly entered our house, from the knife of the assassin as we were followed while walking in the street."

At one time the soldiers had been withdrawn from the city to take care of a revolution going on at some distance, so that the city was quite unprotected. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins were told that a mob was being formed to attack them. The information came from so many sources that they could not doubt its truth. In vain they sought for a hiding place for their five months old baby or for any way of escape. They could only wait for the inevitable and pray, commending themselves to God who had thus far cared for them. Suddenly they heard a terrible sound in the distance and Mr. Watkins cried, "There they come!" Almost immediately the house was shaken, the timbers creaked and things fell all about them. It was an earthquake, and the mob had fallen upon their knees praying for their own safety to all the saints of heaven. Who shall say that this deliverance was not in answer to the prayers of these faithful servants of the God who is omnipotent? And yet, for months, as the earthquakes continued, they

were in the greatest danger, for the papers declared that they were the cause of the earthquakes!

And how his people loved him! A severe sickness similar to his last came upon him and his life was despaired of, about thirteen years after the beginning of his work in Guadalajara. One morning he said to his wife, "Edna, I have seen death face to face. I am going today." He asked for the communion. Friends gathered, adults and children came to him for baptism before he should leave them. Together they sang "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and Mr. Watkin's voice became strong to join them in the song and to address them in his last words, as he supposed. Mr. Howland, the minister of the American Board Church, distributed the elements of the Lord's Supper, and the people passed out to hold a prayer meeting in another room. They prayed that the life of their beloved minister might be spared, and one devoted woman prayed, "Oh Father, if thou must take one from this flock, take my daughter, my only child, but spare my pastor!" The daughter was a beautiful girl, passionately loved by her mother, and the chief singer of the church. God spared both the daughter and Mr. Watkins for many years of Christian service, for Mr. Watkins has but just passed on to his great reward and the young woman is now the wife of a Mexican pastor. This is but an example of the devotion of the people to the man who was willing to risk his life to give them the light.

There were many remarkable conversions among all classes of the people, some of whom became efficient workers under the guidance of Mr. Watkins. Let me tell you the story of one in Mrs. Watkins' own words. "We had the ten commandments printed on a card for distribution, and one of these cards fell into the hands of a man who declared that if such literature was allowed to circulate it would be the ruin of their church, and he took a solemn vow upon him not to eat or sleep until he had put an end to the author of those commandments, who he was told was the Protestant Bishop, as that is the honorary title which they have always given to Mr. Watkins. He bought a new knife accordingly, paid twelve cents to have it well sharpened, and took his seat upon the public plaza, where he was told the "Bishop" would pass. For some reason the Bishop did not pass that day, so being told that there was a service at our house he came, renewing his vow, he said, to the Virgin Mary that at the first word of heresy that he should hear uttered he would spring upon his victim and there murder him in the sight of the congregation and his followers. Mr. Watkins entered the room and at once this man on the front seat, with but a table between them, attracted his attention. His suspicions were aroused as he was a hard looking character, so with one eye on his book and the other on him, he gave out the hymn:

O Father Eternal, O Father so loving,
Pardon I ask thee for my transgressions.

As he read on in the hymn he saw the tears streaming down the poor man's face, and he felt there was no longer any need of watching him for the Holy Spirit had taken hold of him. He is now an earnest worker for the cause he once persecuted, and he can never hear mentioned his former plans and intentions without weeping."

The conversion of Crysanto, the torch bearer for the mob which murdered Mr. Stephens, was another notable instance of the power of the simple gospel truth to transform a man's life. When he asked Mr. Watkins what he could do to atone in some measure for the part which he had in that awful deed, Mr. Watkins charged him to take up the work which Mr. Stephens had left, and he did so. Crysanto had been a robber and a murderer and after the death of Mr. Stephens had fled to the mountains. Later he returned to find that nearly all of that desperate mob had died violent deaths or had lost their wealth and were living upon the charity of their friends. This he looked upon as a judgment of God, and he did not believe that the Protestants were as bad as represented. He was given a Testament and bought provisions for a week and did not leave his house until he had read the Testament through. He commenced attending the Protestant services at once and later was received, with eighty others, into the church.

Mr. Stephens was not the only martyr for the Protestant faith in Mexico. Eight or ten native Christians also gave their lives for their faith. Such is the witness that is being given in all lands where the followers of the Christ are being persecuted. But Mr. Watkins, as truly as these, gave his life in the arduous labors which too early strained his physical powers to the breaking point and he was taken to join the great army of those who "came out of great tribulation." He has been called the Saint Paul of the nineteenth century, and rightly so, for he as nobly fought the fight and kept the faith.

In 1887, after fifteen years of fruitful work in Guadalajara, two of which were spent under the Methodist Church South, Mr. Watkins was transferred to Mexico City as a Presiding Elder and editor of the church paper. At the same time he continued the publication in Guadalajara of his paper "The Lance Saint Baltazar," the great fighting saint. This took him from the pastorate, although he continued to preach constantly. In his new home he speedily made his presence felt and rapidly acquired influential friends. President Diaz was always his friend and did what he could to forward his work.Being a Mason of high grade he found friends and helpers through that organization and some of the early services of the first Independent Church of Mexico were held in the Masonic Hall.

For a long time it was the desire of Mr. Watkins' heart to go to the countries of South America in order that he might there also enter the wedge of Protestantism. In 1903 he met upon the street a business friend who accosted him saying, that he had business which needed to be done in South America, but he could not himself go to attend to it. Couldn't Mr. Watkins go for him? The work would not be difficult nor take all of his time and he might feel free to do as much missionary work as he wished and have all of his expenses paid. This seemed to be the Providential opening for which he had been praying, an offer almost too good to be true. Mr. Watkins soon arranged his affairs and sailed for South America, leaving Mrs. Watkins in Mexico City. He spent two and a half years in visiting Peru, Bolivia, Chili and Equador, where he had some of the most remarkable experiences of his missionary career. It has always been a great joy to him that he had the privilege of baptizing the first Inca Indian converted to the Protestant faith. It is surely an interesting photograph which pictures him standing with his Bible in his hand and the arm of this Inca Indian through his own. The story of the Inca Indians is as tragic and cruel as that of the Negroes of the Congo, a story of greed and oppression in the mines and factories of Peru. After four hundred years of Spanish tyranny and Romish rule they are, for the most part, "servile, filthy and drunken, the victims of every crime." And these are the children of the Sun! What wonder that Mr. Watkins rejoiced that he could help them a little toward the truth which would enlarge their lives. But Mr. Watkins did a greater work than this by arousing a sympathetic interest in their condition on the part of those who could in some slight measure help them.

After Mr. Watkin's return to Mexico he received a most interesting document from the "Arequipa Branch of the Inca Evangelical Society" signed by 760 gentlemen of Peru, both professional and working men, setting forth the needs of the Indians and urging him to go as their agent to England to solicit financial and moral support "to the end of carrying to the Indians the Gospel in its simplicity, and employing teachers and schoolmasters who will take the initiative in a new era of civilization about to dawn amongst the unhappy descendants of this historic empre." To this call Mr. Watkins at once responded, selling valuable manuscripts which he owned to meet the expenses of the trip.

In 1907 Mr. Watkins returned from England and went again to South America, revisiting the places which he had before traversed and giving encouragement and help wherever he went. A year later he was obliged by failing health to return to California where Mrs. Watkins soon joined him from Mexico. Perhaps the greatest achievement of Mr. Watkins in South America was the obtaining of legislation which should insure "Liberty to all worship," thus open-

ing the way for the safe preaching of the Protestant faith.

Once during the past four years Mr. Watkins has returned to Mexico, but the condition of his health has forbidden his again entering upon active work there. He has, however, kept constantly in touch with the Independent Churches of Mexico, which are all of them practically Congregational Churches in their liberty of polity and belief, and they have looked to him, as to their father, for advice and wisdom. He has contributed regularly to the paper "La Bandera," and when weakness came upon him he had no greater regret than that he could no longer help the churches, the children of his faith and labors, in their many needs. When they knew of his failing strength they wrote, "If you cannot help us, we will do the very best that we can. The work must go on!"

And how shall we measure the benediction which Mr. Watkins has been to those who have known him in these last years! Words are entirely inadequate. The children have learned to love him, for he always loved them and gave the very best that was in him to them. And we who are older have loved him for his gentleness, his breadth of view, his charity of judgment, his sympathetic appreciation of others, his faith and vision which could ever say, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice!" To one who was sitting with him in the sad days of his ebbing strength he said "Do not think sad thoughts. Think happy thoughts." How cheery he always was, so that you could never come away from him without a new sense of courage and hope, and his ready wit and apt repartee were the delight of his friends. How sane was his piety, how profound his faith, his courage unflagging and his outlook prophetic! He clung to life for he desired to serve the poor Mexicans who seemed to need him so sadly. He loved life for it was to him opportunity. But he had spent himself in apostolic service and his Lord called him and he went up higher. We miss him, but so long as we shall live the beauty and devotion and strength of his life will urge us to nobler and more sacrifice in all lands where the followers of the Christ are being ficial endeavor.

MORAL LEGISLATION IN TWO STATES.

A few days since a member of the California legislature, who is also a member of church, wrote to the superintendent of the Weekly Rest Day League regarding moral measures:

"Up to date not a soul except you has written or spoken to me about the bill. I never, in all my experience, have discovered so much lethargy as there is now existing among church people about these moral issues. Business men, automobile societies, women's clubs, teachers federations, chambers of commerce, labor organizations, newspaper reporters, credit men, attorneys, physicians and farmers have held banquets, receptions, public meetings, and have presented letters, petitions, resolutions, requests, protests and amendments but the church people, so far as I have been able to discover, are as silent as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. This pains me deeply: I am sorely disappointed."

The same mail brought word from a fellow reformer in New York state, who has been waging a campaign to save their Sunday law. His note of victory rang in big headlines.

"The Churches win two more voctories! Denman Sunday Base Ball Bill struck a staggering and probably death blow. Canteen resolution also again decisively beaten. The Christian people are always heard when they thunder, and they certainly thundered this week at Albany. The increasing rumblings of thunder that have been heard for the last month against the Sunday baseball bill, burst over the heads of the legislators in one terrific clap last Tuesday morning when thousands of special delivery letters, petitions, telegrams and post card protests were piled on the desks of the members of the Assembly. The chief credit for this victory belongs to the pastors, the churches and the Christian men of the state."

It is not too late for the churches of California to get on the firing line. Some are already there. The Weekly Rest Day League earnestly solicits a letter shower for Sacramento legislators. There are three bills which should have the uananimous support of the churches. They are the Kehoe-Benedict Sunday rest bill; the bill to close the saloons on all legal holidays, which would include Sundays; and the bill for the investigation into the conditions and causes of vice and crime, with recommendation for proper legislation to reduce and prevent these evils.

Will not every pastor preach upon these issues on March 16, or at their first opportunity, and urge each voter in the congregation to write a short letter or post card to his Senator and one to his Assemblyman. The following will serve as a guide:

Hon .....,
Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Sir: We urge you as our representative to support,

1. The Kehoe-Benedict Sunday rest bill.

2. The Butler-Bloodgood bill to close saloons on holidays.

3. The Jones-Peairs bill for an investigation into the codnitions and causes of vice and crime.

Your constituents

(To be signed by one or more voters.)

In behalf of Weekly Rest Day League,

G. L. TUFTS,
Supt.

Berkeley, Cal., 3-7-13.

ALL THINGS MUST CHANGE.

"Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change,
To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
Tomorrow be as today.

Turn, turn, my wheel. All life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away."

Never believe those who tell you that doubt is due to sin. Doubt is a stage on the road to faith. The question is only the reverse side of the intensity of belief.

No man can live outside the law of God, for he carries it within himself. "He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul."

Among the Churches.

WORK AMONG THE CHINESE.

The first two in a series of evangelistic services for the the Chinese of San Francisco were held on last Sunday. All the eight local missions, Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Christian, Cumberland Presbyterian, Salvation Army and two Baptist, have united for this work, and it is difficult if not impossible to tell which is which, either in the personal greetings or the conduct of the meetings. The preaching is altogether in Chinese and by local pastors except in the case of Rev. C. R. Hager, M. D., of our Mission in South China. He gave the address at our first meeting, which was held on Sunday afternoon at the Christian Mission. The hall is not large and could scarcely hold the people that pressed into it. The address was in a language unknown to me, but was evidently one of great power. In the evening about 400 hearers assembled in the spacious chapel of the Presbyterian Mission, and the sermon was by the Methodist pastor. A brother who could understand it called it "great," and such it seemed to me.

Harvest began on this first day, and we look hopefully forward, expecting "fruit gathered into life eternal."

W. C. P.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES.

Notes from Pastor's Annual Report.

Dr. Day says: This has been the busiest of all years since my pastorate began. I have given sermons and lectures, 179; have solemnized 37 weddings, with 67 by the Pastor Emeritus, making a total of 104; have attended 16 funerals, with 58 by the Pastor Emeritus, making a total of 74. Together we have baptized 34 children and adults in addition to baptisms in the branch churches. I have made 938 calls and conferences. Pastor Emeritus and wife have made 1700 more, with those made by pastor's wife making a total of 3000 by the two families. The pastoral work done by the pastors has been largely supplemented by the efficient service of deacons and deaconesses, the Brotherhood, C. E. and Sunday School workers.

During the pastor's vacation and at other times, we have had distinguished preachers from abroad. Without giving the names of residents of California: R. J. Campbell of City Temple, London; Dr. W. T. Grenfell of Labrador; Arthur H. Smith of China; Dr. James K. Green of Constantinople and Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus. One of the pastor's most prized opoprtunities for service outside the church is among students. He gave lectures at San Anselmo Students for the Ministry Conference; at Y. M. C. A. Conference at Pacific Grove; before the Christian Association in the University of So. California; at Pomona College and at Occidental College, as well as chapel addresses at Pacific Seminary. He has been absent from the pulpit, outside vacation Sundays, once to preach the baccalaureate for the University of California, and once at the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Hacienda. He made an exchange with Dr. R. Freeman for an evening service, another with Daniel F. Fox for a morning service.

We closed the year with a membership of 2124. Of that number 1906 are members of the mother church. We have received into our membership 193 in the mother church, 39 in the branch churches, making a total of 232; a total net gain of 49 over last year.

Our church expense budget totaled $18,147. We have raised for benevolences $13,435. Our benevolence gifts have not made as large a record as last year, because there has not been quite so careful a tabulation of personal gifts as in preceding years.

A year ago we purchased adjoining property for $40,000. A total of $25,000 has been provided for on the lot. Experiments have been tried in the use of thehouse to find how it would be most useful to the community in which we live, and for other work of the church. The rooms of the lower floor have been constantly used. The J. O. C. room is very comfortable and attractive. The larger rooms of the second story have been devoted to Congregational offices connected with our national, state and city benevolent societies. At the suggestion of the men occupying those offices, we have adopted the name Congregational House for the building.

The most conspicuous meetings of social fellowship for the church as a whole is the Wednesday night dinner for which the ladies so generously arranged. The attendance has demonstrated its great value. The midweek service has been attended more largely than ever before. We desire to make this church one which shall fulfill the apostolic ideal, a church "given to hospitality."

A unique feature about this church has been the double pastorate which has worked so happily. The perfect accord between the two pastors, and the very loyal support which has made possible some achievements which are happily unique in the Congregational experience. But that joyful experience has come to an end. I realize as never before that it has been my portion to be the most privileged pastor in the country. We now are looking earnestly forward. It seems to me that the greatest promise for the future lies in the continuance of the co-pastoral relation.

SECOND MINISTEIRAL RETREAT.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will meet at Pacific Theological Seminary in Berkeley next Monday and a forenoon and afternoon session will be held with program as follows:

At the session beginning at 11 a. m. Dr. Nash will preside. After devotional service conducted by Herbert A. Jump there will be a Bible Study by Professor Guy; and a Study in Spiritual Biography by Prof. Tolson.

In the afternoon the Rev. Geo. Laughton will preside.

After "Lessons from the Mystics" by Prof. Buckham, there will be an hour for fellowship and deepening of the spiritual life, led by C. L. Mears.

KERN COUNTY NOTES.

Rev. P. H. Ralph has accepted the call of "Pilgrim," Bakersfield, and has that work well in hand and the outlook is good notwithstanding disturbed conditions.

Greenfield, the baby of the Kern family of churches, is now ten months old and doing well under its first pastor, Rev. W. W. Riley.

Wasco's new parsonage is a fine addition in that growing town, and is occupied by Rev. G. C. Carson, who serves Rosedale and Wasco jointly.

First, Bakersfield received four new members last Sunday, and is busy with Easter preparations and building plans.

E. R. F.

WASHINGTON.

West Seattle Church.

A cablegram has been received from Rev. Jack Dunstan, of Adelaide, Australia, accepting the call of the West Seattle Congregational Church, to fill the pulpit of his father, the late Rev. E. Tremayne Dunstan.

Mr. Dunstan is the eldest son of the late Dr. Dunstan. Like his father, he began preaching at the age of 18. He is now 26, and is just finishing his theoogical studies at Adelaide. During his course of study he has been supplying successfully a city pulpit. He is said to possess much of his father's histrionic power and to have a winning personality that makes him the friend of all classes of men.

He plans to begin his ministry in Seattle the first of May. Last Sunday the pulpit of the church was filled by Rev. James Clement Reid, formerly of Kansas City, Mo., and recently pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Walla Walla.

"A Power for Good in Seattle."

That is what the Post-Intelligencer, Seattle's leading daily paper, says concerning the Rev. Clarence R. Gale. We quote as follows:

"Rev. Clarence R. Gale is one of the silent powers for good in the religious life of Seattle. Always working, never talking of his deeds, but bearing on his shoulders heavy responsibilities, every one of which is invariably carried out to its fullest capacity, Mr. Gale is one of the most significant figures in the church life of the Northwest.

"He is an alumnus of Oberlin College and Hartford Theoligical Seminary. His first charge was as assistant pastor of the Memorial Church, Springfield, Mass.; from there he was called to the pastorate of one of the oldest churches of New England, the Calvinistic Congregational church of Fitchburg, Mass. Then he was summoned to the First Congregational church of Marshalltown, Ia.

"At the close of the war with Spain Mr. Gale served as field secretary of the Cuban industrial relief fund of which Dr. Lyman Abbott was president. He was sent by the fund to Cuba to investigate and report on conditions there, and on returning home spent two years visiting most of the larger cities and towns of New England, giving illustrated lcetures on things seen and heard in Cuba, and raising funds to rehabilitate the Cuban reconcentradas.

"He wrote for the Outlook, of New York, and the Congregationalist, of Boston, on "Sunshine and Shadow in Cuba." Afterwards he served as field secretary of the Boston committee of one hundred on Indian famine relief.

"In 1901 he was called to the pastorate of Plymouth Congregational Church of Spokane. Re resigned in 1904 and accepted the call to superintend the Congregational Church Extension Society of Seattle.

"He has been here nine years fostering new church enterprises, and every mission of the Congregational church has been nursed by him from its inception until it became powerful enough to care for itself.

"In addition to these duties he edits the local denominational publications, of which "Congregational Washington" is one. A busy life, this, and his labors unceasing, for when one mission has been pushed, steadied and supported in its trying early days, there is another to need his careful and painstaking efforts. And with it all Mr. Gale carries out his duties silently, unobtrusively, but always effectively. It is not too much to say that he is one of the most valuable men the West possesses, and the Northwest is dotted with monuments to his labors."

The Home.

CAN YOU?

Can you put the spider's web in place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at your feet to-day?
Can you put the lily cup back on the stem
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?
Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?
Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
Can you put the kernel again in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
Can you put the perfume back in the vase
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the cornsilk back on the corn,
Or down on the catkins, say?
You think my questions are trifling, dear,
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or a deed unkind, undone?—Ex.

HOW A FARMER'S WIFE LEARNED TO BE HAPPY.

A state of chronic unhappiness may not be numbered among the cardinal sins, but surely no bad habit casts greater gloom over its possessor and those with whom she lives, to say nothing of the tragic results ofttimes in suicide and insanity. So I will tell you of my success in overcoming this habit, which, I believe is more generally a woman's failing than a man's.

I am thirty years of age, a farmer's wife with two children, a little girl four, and a baby boy two years old, a busy woman, but really one who had everything necessary for complete happiness, except the right outlook on life. I was devotedly in love with my husband, but jealous, irritable, nervous, and sensitive,—surely not a pleasant picture, —but (redeeming feature) I could see that the fault lay entirely with myself and that life would not be worth living unless it was possible to change my attitude. So finally, about two years ago, when my health and spirits were at their worst, I made a mighty resolve that I would be happy, no matter what came, and make the very best of myself.

The change in my mental vision came first and I clung desperately to my determination to find happiness in every experience. Slowly I learned to give myself wholly to the thing in hand, to get every bit of enjoyment from it, un-

troubled by any thought of fear or worry for the past or future. Then, whenever I felt myself getting angry, I would say firmly, "I am not going to be angry," and "I am not afraid"—to drive fear from my mind. This I suppose would be called auto-suggestion—at any rate it was a great help to me in gaining control of myself.

Scarcely less important was my physical upbuilding. I began to practise deep breathing whenever I thought of it, and in the open air as much as possible, took a cold bath and a quick rub in the morning, and light calisthenics on retiring, keeping always the thought that I should find enjoyment in all things.

And last,—but it seems to me by no means least, because in this way I have avoided any illness,—whenever I feel sick at all, even a cold coming on, I skip a meal and sometimes more, and at all times make a practice of eating less than I used to and nothing between meals. Another thing I have learned is to drop the perverse, resistant tendency I had and put myself into an agreeing, acquiescing spirit.

My transformation did not come in a day, but slowly and surely it has progressed until I am mistress of myself and my work, a far better companion for my husband and children, and enjoying life as I never did before.—Mrs John Wood in American Magazine.

A DAUGHTER AT HOME.

Would that every household in the land had its darling ministering daughter. No household is complete without one. Into what need of the hour does she not fit, what longing of the heart does she not fill, this dear young thing who repeats in face and form the sweetness of the mother's past and in trick and gesture, pose and accent, is a feminine copy of her father. The princess royal wherever we find her is the girl whose office it is to rule her circle of kinsfolk by right of her soft invincibility, and to serve them in virtue of her unwearied strength. All the lovelier if she be gently insistent on her privileges, and not to subdued and restrained, as the charm of the rose is enhanced by its shielding briers, it is permitted to the daughter of the house to have in many minor details, her own way. If she decree alterations they are made if she desire innovations, her family sanctions them; it is Katherine, Marion, Lillie Charlotte whose happy day of queenly prerogatives has arrived, and her people from the grandparents down are devoted and obedient subjects.

The mother in her chair of state is not often ready to abdicate merely because her little girl has let down her frocks and put up her hair, because she has laid by the severities of her college cap and gown, and donned a young lady's attire in frills and ruffles, trains and laces and ribbons. Dear Mother prefers as yet to keep house in person, and delegates only a small share of her work to her pretty Celia or Dorothy. But in portions of the homemaking Celia naturally takes part, and especially is she in evidence in the home's hospitalities. She pours tea at five o'clock for the friends who call informally, and when Mother has a day or days of reception, her daughter is to her a right hand. The small and graceful courtesies, never obtrusive, but always appreciated, which add so much to a visitor's pleasure, the fresh towels in the guest chamber, the flowers renewed in bowl and vase, the bric-a-brac dusted, the slippers ready for father's tired feet, the cushion softly interposed at the moment when the mother's back begins to ache, the prompting word which enables Aunty to tell her favorite story, the needles ready threaded for grandmother, these little cares are within the province of the daughter of the house.

She is popular with servants and many a time a fervent blessing follows her, spoken lovingly by cook or maid to whom she is always a particular providence. Hers is the happy knack of making people satisfied with themselves, and Bridget and Patrick, Norah and John serve her with alacrity because she requests and does not order, and is unstinted in her pleasant return of thanks for their kindness. The letters which they send to their cousins beyond the seas are often written for them by their young lady and she knows what they want to say, and says it in honeyed phrases which commend her tact and discretion to those whose willing amanuensis she is.

I am not surprised to find like Mrs. Browning's heroine in a familiar poem, 'tis her thinking of others, makes ou think of her, for the daughter of the house at her best is an altruist.

Her father glories in her beauty, in her quick wit, and her accomplishments. The bond uniting father and daughter is very subtle; it implies loyalty on the one side and courtliness on the other, and there is little in reason which he can deny her, while she instinctively asks for what she wants with the air of one to whom half of the kingdom is already pledged. The two have much in common, they like the same amusements, they enjoy the same books and when they go on a journey together, the father's attentions are as tender as a lover's to the maiden whose undimmed brightness almost confers a distinction upon him. Outsiders observe the relation between the two, and smile in sympathy. A boat or a train is the richer for carrying such travellers.

Some skill in amateur nursing is a gift which the girl should seek to obtain if it is not her birthright, for there are often occasions when she may be called upon to care for illness, and soothe an invalid. I am supposing that our Dorothy is herself well, as every young women should be, and that she prizes her health so that she does not foolishly overdraw her reserves. "I nursed my mother through two years of intense suffering," said a daughter, "and I was often with her at night as well as in the daytime, but I did not break down. I exercised regularly, before open windows if I could not go out, I took what rest I could, and I kept cheerful for her sake." A course in nursing, if not the full course of the trained nurse, then the partial one of the trained assistant gives a young woman invaluable preparation for the demands which sooner or later her life will make upon her, in the department of caring intelligently for the sick. Lessons in first aid to the injured are also beyond price, showing a girl what to do and how to do it in a case of emergency, when a person has had a fall, or is burned, or faints, or is wounded or maimed by accident. Presence of mind is learned by those who are drilled and disciplined by exact practical training, and the time devoted to this by a young woman is put to good account.

If the daughter of the house wishes to make herself still further useful in her day and generation, still further able to "serve the present age," let her take the beautiful series of lessons which the kindergartner finds prescribed for her, not that she may teach the babies, but that she may ac-

quire the precision, the serenity, the matchless tact and the sweet winningness which distinguish and adorn the teachers of Froebel's system. A young woman will be the lovelier in society, the better fitted for her future responsibilities as they come one by one, for having taken a course at a kindergarten school.

An ambitious and wide awake young girl often chafes against the hampering conditions of her lot, and wishes that she might without question do with her life as she pleases. And in this she is not to be blamed, nor for this should she be hastily condemned. The point of view must be regarded, and the twentieth century atmosphere weighed in balance.

We have gone a long way forward in the last few years, and, upon the whole, so far as woman is concerned, the progress has been along lines of elevation and dignity. When, at twenty a girl's friend began to speak of her as passee, if at that hour no lover loomed up on the horizon, when she was kept in tuelage if unmarried, long after she was a mature woman, mature in years, experience and appearance, when "old maid" was a term of opprobrium, and old maidenhood a situation of reproach, it was not strange that girls envied their mothers, and wished to change places with them. The pendulum has of late been swinging the other way; young women may easily support themselves by their honorable endeavor and their fathers and mothers no longer need seek for them a provision in marriage. If they marry, it is because their hearts go with the surrender of their hands, because love hallows the bond, not because they wish or need to be taken care of by a husband. The woman may care for herself. She will not be a burden on her toilworn father, nor a clog upon her brothers, since if the necessity exist she may herself become a wage-earner.

This being conceded, may we not urge upon our thoughtful daughter, that she shall continue at home, filling every little space and crevice with sunshine and sweetness, when her family does not ask or suggest her going beyond it, when the means are sufficient, and she is more welcome there than the day dawn after midnight, and find at home an arena of effort, worth her utmost powers?

Father and mother are at the top of the hill. Their steps must soon begin to tread the descending slope. They gave of their self-denial, their vigor, their generosity, to educate you, dear Dora, dear Madeline, when you were younger; they spared no pains that you might have the very best they could obtain for you. Now, they are weary. They find the honey growing thin on the daily bread. They need fun in the house, the stimulus of the younger life. Your voice, your ideas, your mirth, your impressions, the touch of the new generation, are important to them, and you may be to them at this period, as the tide to the barren shore, flooding them with gladness and fiilling them with hope.

Especially to your mother, for a few years, during which she meets and passes through perilous experiences incidental to middle age, you may be as a guardian angel. Stay with her, dear child, if you can, you will not be sorry bye and bye. And pray remember too that,

"It isn't the thing you do, Dear
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun,
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, Dear
Are your haunting ghosts at night."

Our sins of omission, the cares we were too shy or too self-conscious to bestow, the loving word we did not say, may arise to condemn us in our after life. We shall never be sorry for the moments of our self-effacement, and our heedful thought of our beloved ones, and while we are young, eager and impulsive, we should remind ourselves to wait a little for the feet that cannot keep our pace, and yield a little to those who have a right to ask from us consideration because on us they have spent much labor.

The home daughter who is not discontented with her lot, but on the contrary who is willing to accept her household, her people and her quiet post of service as the one God meant for her, will not find time hanging heavily on her hands. There is much room for tillage in the home vineyard. No background ever stands for so much to the conscientious young woman. Nowhere else can she find so many occasions for that lending a hand which lightens every pack, and so bravely helps the fellow pilgrim along on his journey to the heavenly city.

It is not merely an affair of putting a flower in the father's button-hole and mending the mother's laces, and making the desserts, and acting as the go-between and the lieutenant in the domestic camp, when servants are irritating and the mistress of the house bewildered. These little things count, but they are not all. Nor is it the singing of a song in the twilight, nor the playing of a sonata to listeners whose hearts keep time to the melody, those partial listeners who bore with small fingers when they beat time to the iteration of the first monotonous exercises. This too is much, but it is not all. It is being the mother's representative at any and every neighborly and social and church function which she cannot attend. It is taking her place when she goes away for a trip, after twenty-five years of absence, to the old home of her girlhood; it is reading to the invalid, and resting eyes that are growing dim, aged eyes of grandparents, tired eyes of the student. It is helping the pastor who knows to whom he may turn in an emergency, who will play a piano at prayermeeting when the regular accompanist is absent, who will smooth out a tangle among the young people, and who will take charge of a Junior Endeavor or a Juvenile Missionary Society. It is being young and dear and sweet, and well-poised, and consecrating all you are to God. Surely the home daughter need not fear to magnify her place of honor in God's world. And she if she have her moments of discouragement as who has not, may well begin, before youth and youthful enthusiasm wane, to lean ever on the Friend Who will always be at her bedside.—Margaret E. Sangster.

For The Children.

THE WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY CONCERT.

"Here's a piece my teacher wants me to speak on Washington's Birthday," said Olis, as he came home from school.

Mamma took the little slip of paper and read it aloud, while Olis and his sister, Marguerite, a plump little four-year old, climbed upon her knee. This is what mamma said:

"I love the name of Washington,
I love my country, too;

I love the flag, the dear old flag
Of red and white and blue."

"Yes, that is it," said Olis. "Teacher read it to me. Now I will make my bow and say it."

Olis did make his bow, but he couldn't say the piece very well. Why, Marguerite herself could say it almost as well as he; and she did say it, making at the same time the cutest little bow there ever was.

Mamma had Olis say his verse over ever and ever so many times every day until the last day of school, and every time he said it Marguerite would leave her dolly or her kitty and run and say it, too; and say it in such a dear, little, funny way, that both dolly and kitty would have cheered her had they known enough.

When the last day of school came, Olis and Marguerite went with mamma to the schoolhouse. Marguerite had never been in a schoolroom, nor seen so many children. The boys and girls looked almost as pretty as the flowers which were everywhere about the room, and the most of them had "pieces" to speak just as Olis had.

First the children sang. Then a little girl went on to the platform, near the teacher's chair, and spoke. It was Olis' turn next. He, too, went on to the platform. He made his bow as nice as could be; then he said:

"I love the name of Washington"—

He stopped. He could not think of the next line. How badly he felt! How badly mamma felt! But Marguerite, dear, little Marguerite—well, she didn't know how to feel or what to think.

Olis tried again. He again made his bow, and said:

"I love the name of Washington,
I love"—

But he could not think of the rest. He looked about the room, and wished that the rest of the piece were written on the blackboard. He bit his lips. He looked at his new boots. He looked at mamma. How she wanted to tell him if he should forget. He said that it would bother him if she did. He tried yet an other time, but he really could not think of the rest, and he went back to his seat and laid his head on the desk. No one could see his pretty eyes, but mamma felt sure that there were two or three little tears in each. How she wanted to take her darling into her arms and tell him that it was no matter—that everybody made mistakes.

But look! Marguerite left her seat. She went straight to the platform before the teacher had a chance to call on some other child. She stood right where Olis had stood. She made that dear, little, funny bow. She said:

"I lub de name o' Washington,
I lub my country, too;
I lub de f'g, de dee' ol' f'g
Of wed and white and b'ue."

She made that funny, little bow again, and went back to mamma's side, while the children laughed and cheered and thought that this was the best part of the whole concert. But the piece had been spoken by one of the family, and that was all Baby Marguerite herself cared about.—Alice May Douglass.

I DIDN'T THINK.

If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to the start,
We'd find not one in ten began
From want of willing heart;
But there's a sly, woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away—
The elf, "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
His mien is all contrite;
He so regrets the woe he wrought,
And wants to make things right.
But wishes do not heal a wound,
Nor weld a broken link;
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
All through " I didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
" I didn't think" will quick depart
For lack of resting place.
If from the great, unselfish stream
The golden rule we drink,
We'll keep God's laws, and have no cause
To say: "I didn't think."

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Judge: "Your age?"

Lady: "Thirty years."

Judge (incredulously): "You will have some difficulty in proving that."

Lady (excitedly): "You'll find it hard to prove the contrary, as the church register which contained the entry of my birth was burnt in the year 1865."